# PYNSENT,

(Sir William) 11630. e. 5
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A

# POEM.

*——Sunt et ſua præmia laudi.*

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Pitt (Wm) Earl of Chatham. [1778]

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——Sunt et jura pyrenia laudi.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

FOLLOWING

# POEM

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

## WILLIAM PITT

BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE

FOLLOWING

# POEM

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT

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THE AUTHOR.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*IT may be neceſſary for the reader's better underſtanding ſome lines in the following Poem to inform him, that it was writ in March laſt, and intended to be then publiſhed. What has delayed the publication of it is a matter he need not be troubled with. If it meets with his approbation, it is given him in good time: if it does not, it is put into his hands too ſoon now.*

# PYNSENT,

A

# POEM.

IN youth's full bloom himſelf glad PYNSENT ſaw
His country's youth renew'd, when heaven-ſav'd law,
And heaven-ſent William reign'd; ſtale right divine
Chas'd from the throne with Stuarts tyrant line:
Glad ſtill to ſee the patriot current run,
The miniſter of ſtate ſtill England's ſon.
Till riſing fierce in Anna's latter day,
The Tory ſtar firſt ſhed its baneful ray,

Thro' the plum'd camp, and ſtraight our vict'ries ceaſe;
Then ſham'd us with an honourable peace.
But PYNSENT firm, the Senate's voice withſtood,
Nor black was white, nor bad with him was good,
Moſt he diſdain'd to join St. Stephen's cry,
When moſt it echo'd with the voted lie.

Heaven yet will ſave: the weak good Anna dies,
And ſcarce on feeble wing aſcends the ſkies.
With manly graſp ſee George the ſceptre wield,
Upright, and brave, in council, and the field;
He loves the law, loves for itſelf alone,
More than its fair inheritance, the throne:
His word is truth. At reſt the public ſtrife,
PYNSENT now ſeeks the calm of private life,
And there, heart-ſatisfied, enjoys alone
His country's growing bleſſings, and his own.

But not the ſtation'd guard, the robe of ſtate,
A people's love, can ſtop the arm of fate;
George feels the ſtroke. But ere the tear could flow,
His Son ſtands forth, and ſaves a nation's woe.

Fearleſs of ſoul, yet temperate, and juſt,
His wiſh ne'er wand'ring from the regal truſt,
No cloud the azure of his reign to blot,
Till it ſpread black'ning from the rebel Scot.
Yet England, B—, we tell it to thy face,
Fears not a Scot in arms, but one in place.
Back fly the rav'nous kites, aghaſt with fear,
When the young Eagle beats the ſounding air,
In vain: their laſt bleak hills no ſhelter yield,
Thick they lie ſcatter'd o'er Colloden's field.
Name but Colloden, and each Scot ſhall ſtart,
Colloden! where rebellion broke its heart.

The Sov'reign's cares all-liberal to repay
Heaven brighter gilds the ev'ning of his day.
His weaken'd arm, at life's extremeſt verge,
France ſcorns, but finds it powerful ſtill to ſcourge
A faithleſs foe. At firſt his thunders ſleep,
Till urg'd by PITT, he pours them o'er the deep.
Where it firſt mounts, where laſt it leaves the ſky,
The ſun now ſees his conquering banner fly.

On the bent knee his people cry, ſtill ſpare,
Still ſpare the King! but heaven denies the prayer.
One fatal moment lays him with the dead,
Half the world's laurels verdant on his head.
To England's groan old PYNSENT adds his ſigh,
To her's his tear, not fated yet to die.

A youth ſucceeds, a ſight to England new,
Whom nature, ſtrict to virtue's model, drew
Of manners mildly good, himſelf ſincere,
He gives his heart to whom he truſts his ear.
But dread, unwary Kings, the ills that come
From flatt'ry's lip: a Court is flatt'ry's home.

The ſapling oak, that grows on ſome rich plain,
Foſter'd by kindly ſuns, and air, and rain,
In time ſhall wide its mighty branches ſpread,
To heaven in time ſhall rear its lofty head,
If ivy's weed, inſidious, creeping, low,
Around the ſtripling tree ſhall never throw
Its pois'nous claſp. Accurs'd the ivy race,
Who murd'rous climb, and blaſt where they embrace!

The war ſtill bleeds: to hold up tott'ring France
Slow, but determin'd, PITT ſees Spain advance,
And, wiſely daring, bids a ſudden blow,
Ere it can arm, to cruſh the riſing foe.
Not heard, he, faſten'd to the public weal,
Counts it a bauble, and reſigns the ſeal.
Caught at his flame yet England's Sons retain
Enough of ardor to chaſtiſe proud Spain,
And tho' State-loiterers warn her to prepare,
In Cuba's ſelf ſhe ſinks beneath our war.

Vict'ry, now ſportive, o'er her fav'rite Iſle
Claps her glad wing; no face but wears a ſmile,
No heart but beats with joy; all hope, for leſs
Can any hope? A peace that all ſhall bleſs,
Tenfold repair the waſtes of glutt'nous war,
Heal its deep wounds, nor leave the ſmalleſt ſcar,
For the loſt ſon dry up the mother's tear,
And raiſe the widow from the huſband's bier,
Such was the gen'ral hope, the public thought;
Well might all hope, for what they dearly bought;

Bought with their toil, their treaſure, and their blood:
But wayward fate, and mighty B— withſtood.
A muſhroom Stateſman, in a luckleſs hour
For England's glory, rais'd at once to power,
By favour mighty made; unknown, untried,
Counſels, which PITT was not, he's fit to guide,
If Princes may not err. To Kings alone
Was truth confin'd, who would not wiſh a throne?
Ev'n I, ſo happy with my humble lot,
Would for the Palace quit my peaceful cot;
And, truth-directed, top the Sov'reign's part,
And hold my ſmiling ſubjects by the heart.

But grown impatient of fair England's fame
Its Atlas now, unmaſqu'd, begins to blame
The charge of vict'ries, trembles at the coſt,
And France the while ſcarce hurt by what ſhe loſt.
To fictions paſſive, an obſequious crew
Or plac'd, or penſion'd, find the ſtory true,
And train'd to ſervice, ere he can command,
Dreſs the tale out, and ſend it thro' the land,

Not thin'd they cry, but to its laſt man fought,
And millions offer'd, yet not worth a groat.

What ſhall the weak, and drooping victor do,
But ſuppliant kneel, and to the vanquiſh'd ſue?
Yet can a Son of England have the heart
To ſink her name? Can this be B——'s part?
But ſhame's no more! B— bids, and B——d ſails,
Strait ſmall St. J—s's ſtoops to great Verſailles,
By a pen's point ſee France to France reſtor'd:
England, now boaſt the ſharpneſs of thy ſword,
Count o'er with pride thy every valiant ſon,
And fondly ſhew the trophies each has won;
Then ſay to B—d, for a parent may,
O weak, and raſh! to throw them half away,
The people's judgement, not the ſ——'s take,
The people have no reaſons to miſtake,
To common ſenſe there's not a living ſoul
Will ſay, that half is better than the whole.
Unwept, I fear, the beſt of thy great line
Had loſt his head, had it been thought like thine.

One hope is ſtill for England to be found,
Bepeac'd, and with four ſhillings in the pound.
For PITT ſtill lives: the terror, and the hate
Of every puny miniſter of ſtate,
His maſter ſpirit awes their inmoſt ſouls,
And whom he does not guide, he ſtill controuls.
Let but his crutch within the houſe appear,
Pale G——le ſtrait turns paler ſtill with fear,
Nor thinks he's ſafe, tho' inſtant round him cloſe
The numerous bands of faithful ayes and noes;
The Swiſs of P——, as ſome may ſay,
To fight, the cauſe not heeded, for the pay.

The patriot Chief ſee weak, but graceful riſe,
His ſoul's emotion ſparkling in his eyes.
Big expectation, ere a word is ſpoke,
Flies thro' the houſe, and ſits on every look,
And cloſe attention finds whole hours not long,
Held by the ſtrong enchantment of his tongue,
Conviction too is forc'd to bear her part,
Falſe with her voice, but faithful at the heart.

Abaſh'd, or rous'd, all feel, and ſee, and hear,
More than Demoſthenes, and Tully there.
With all their talents, but without their fears,
Without their faults, a freer courſe he ſteers;
Come what will come, reſolv'd on valor's plan,
On wiſdom's, virtue's he maintains the man:
In him no money'd quinſey choaks the truth,
He gives no maſter in a flatter'd youth.

Mov'd by a filial heart, and not by whim,
I fondly love my parent land like him,
But pow'rleſs love: for heaven, from her rich ſtore
Who gave the heart, thought good to give no more.
'Tis this that bids me, who ne'er ſerv'd my time,
No not a ſingle day before, to rhyme,
To wreathe this chaplet, a raw verſe-man made,
The Muſe plain truth, and place it on his head;
Unſkill'd to ſet opinions to the hour,
I keep to virtue's, in, or out of power,
*To freedom's Chief. Avaunt, ye G—le fry,
While his breath wafts her to the weſtern ſky.

* Theſe lines were added in the heat of Colony diſputes.

O be it pour'd at home to help her ſtate,
From ſlaves who ſell her, and from knaves who hate;
From fools who ſcorn; from all of narrow ſoul,
Who ſhrunk to private, feel not for a whole!
I neither have, nor want, nor wiſh, a place,
Full well his deeds I know, but ſcarce his face,
And proud, to theſe in reverence while I bend,
I hold the man who did them for my friend.

PYNSENT, as Neſtor old, as Neſtor ſage,
His patriot warmth unchill'd by icy age,
Reſolves heroic, loſt long ſince his Son,
To take the firſt of England's for his own;
Doubt hangs not on the choice: beyond compare
He ſees one man, and makes that one his heir.

FINIS.